

"A Document in
Madness:
Thoughts
And Remembrance
Fitted."

THE
COLUMBIAD

By the
Students
of the
Columbian College,
1891.

Press of JOHN F. SHERRY, 623 D STREET, WASHINGTON.

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1891

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No Man Eats

A whole bunch of celery, he rejects the coarse and hard portions. We do that in all school and college supplies, and keep only what is best adapted to your purpose and what can be relied upon. In text books we have all that you want and a great many more. It will pay you to go to headquarters.

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* Order. *

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CUSTOM SHIRTS TO ORDER.

Some shirtmakers manufacture good shirts, but mistakenly ask too much for them, thus limiting their business; others, striving only to produce low-priced goods at a sacrifice of quality, gradually lose their customers and learn too late that a permanent and successful business can only be done upon articles of merit. We make all kinds of Dress and Outing or Negligee Shirts of unquestioned superiority and at the lowest possible prices consistent with the best work. This accounts for the large proportion of the Shirt trade we have of this city and vicinage.

Prices for Dress Shirts, open front or back, made of only reputable materials:

—\$9.00, \$10.50, AND \$12.00 PER HALF DOZEN.—

We have just received another shipment of Fine Cheviots, Madras, Silks, and Flannel for Summer Outing or Negligee Shirts. All the latest and most desirable patterns represented. Late reinforcements serve to keep the assortment up, thereby giving a large field for choice, and we believe we have the largest and most varied stock ever offered in this city.

Remember, we keep only *the best* grades of material, make them up in the best possible manner and guarantee a perfect fit and entire satisfaction in every instance. Prices correct.

(Leave your order at Men's Department, 1st floor, 1st annex.)

JUST RECEIVED OUR FIRST IMPORTATION OF

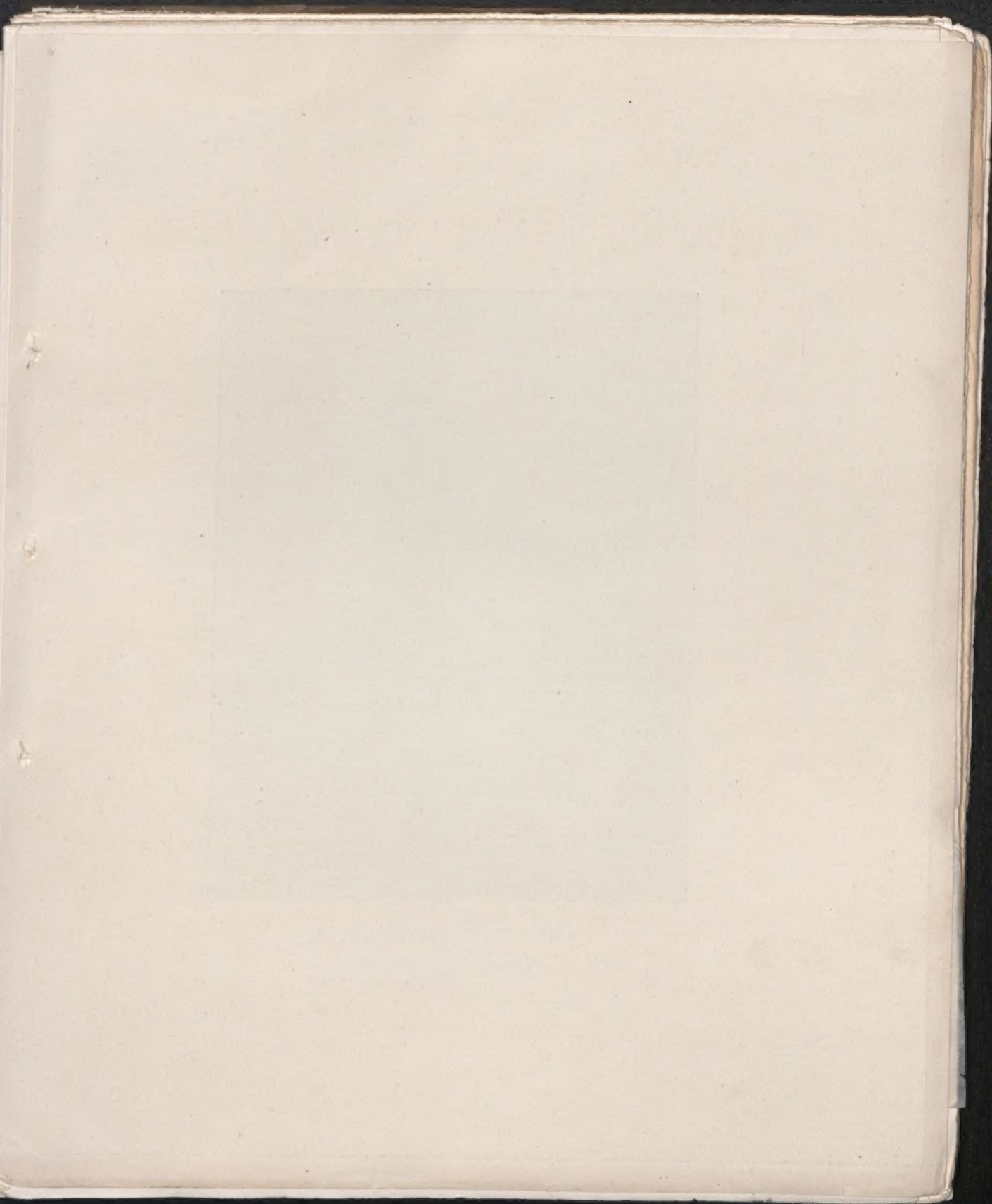
TERRY BATH WRAPS.

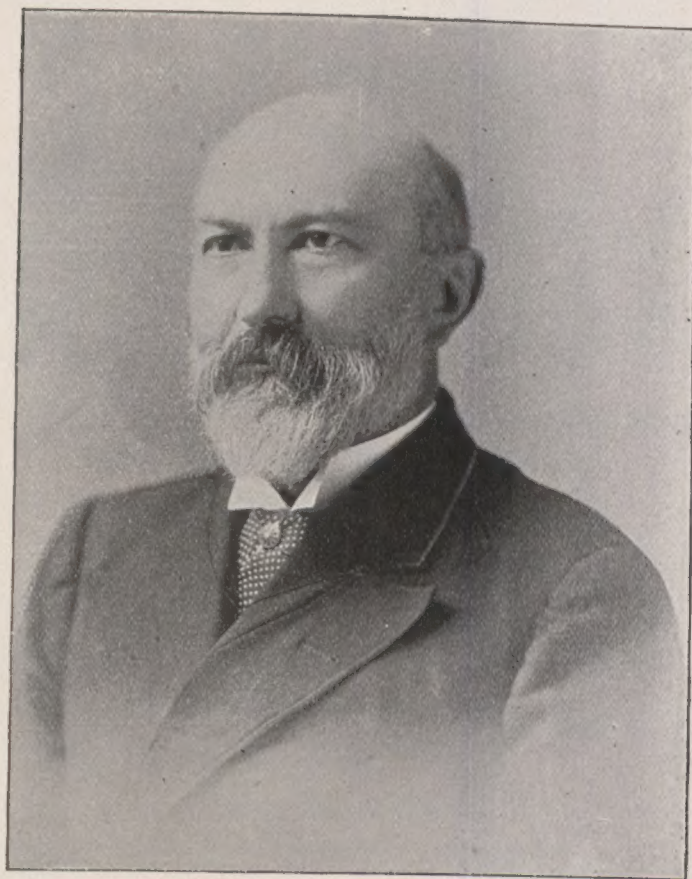
A positive luxury, yet the prices are so reasonable that they come within the reach of all.

Men's Terry Bath Wraps in all the newest shadings—solid colors, stripes, fancy checks and plaids—with or without hoods.

—\$4.50 UPWARD.—

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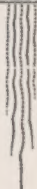
JAMES C. WELLING, LL. D.,
President of the University.

Dedication.

To a most important actor in the welfare of the college ;
To a mighty benefactor, though he gives not cash nor knowledge ;
To him, our strong protector from ill and sad annoy—
To us what the Palladium was to men of ancient Troy,
For when he falls the college falls; 'tis strange that for the loss
Of its Palladium Troy took within its walls a horse,
In which were Greeks who fired the town—"Eheu! Eheu! te d'iem!"—
While now a horse it is forsooth that stands as our Palladium,
Not such a horse as Juniors use, when at a sorry loss
To make out simple classics, but a large and milk-white horse.
And safely housed within the yard he stood a year before
The college, to the gentler-sex, agreed to ope its door ;
And, in the two years past since then, he has been stationed there
And not one girl has yet applied with "golden-tinted " hair.
Instead of bringing fire as that horse in olden day
He serves effectually, forsooth, to keep it all away.
And so to him, with humble thanks, we dedicate these pages
And pray that he may stand on guard for very many ages.

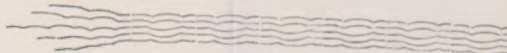
A Concession.

Though should some little maiden come with bright and saucy eye,
Although her hair was like the sun that flames the western sky,
I am inclined to think that we would have to pass her through
E'en though we hauled that statue out and painted it sky blue.



. . . Explanation . . .

"A first attempt;" we plead,—we only start
The work, that others, in the years to come,
May, following the lead which here we take,
Pass far beyond us to much better things.
We only seek to lay the rugged base
On which to build, and, if our work appear
Rough and unshapen, know our aims were good,
And, though unskilled, we wrought as best we could.





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The National Medical College.

The Columbian Dental School.

The Gorcoran Scientific School.



The Columbian Preparatory School.

CALENDAR.

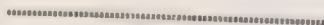
CURRENT ACADEMIC YEAR (1890-'91).

| | | | | |
|-------|-----------|--|---|------------|
| 1890. | Sept. 19. | } Examination of Candidates for admission to Col-lege..... | { | Friday. |
| | Sept. 20. | | | Saturday. |
| | Sept. 22. | First College Term began..... | | Monday. |
| | Oct. 1. | Session of Corcoran School began..... | | Wednesday. |
| | Oct. 1. | Session of Law School began..... | | Wednesday. |
| | Oct. 6. | Session of Medical School began..... | | Monday. |
| 1891. | Jan. 20. | First College Term Examination began..... | | Tuesday. |
| | Feb. 2. | Second College Term began..... | | Monday. |
| | Mar. 19. | Commencement of Medical School..... | | Thursday. |
| | April 8. | Senior Examination began..... | | Wednesday. |
| | May 22. | Enosinian Ovation..... | | Friday. |
| | May 25. | Second College Term Examination began..... | | Monday. |
| | June 8. | Anniversary Meeting of Alumni..... | | Monday. |
| | June 9. | Commencement of Law School..... | | Tuesday. |
| | June 10. | Commencement of College and Corcoran School..... | | Wednesday. |
| | June 13. | Class day..... | | Saturday. |

NEXT ACADEMIC YEAR (1891-'92).

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| 1891. | Sept. 18. | } Examination of Candidates for admission to Col-lege..... | { | Friday. |
| | Sept. 19. | | | Saturday. |
| | Sept. 21. | First College Term begins..... | | Monday. |
| | Oct. 1. | Session of Corcoran School begins..... | | Thursday. |
| | Oct. 1. | Session of Law School begins..... | | Thursday. |
| | Oct. 1. | Session of Medical School begins..... | | Thursday. |
| 1892. | Jan. 20. | First College Term Examination begins..... | | Wednesday. |
| | Feb. 1. | Second College Term begins..... | | Monday. |
| | Mar. 17. | Commencement of Medical School..... | | Thursday. |
| | April 13. | Senior Examination begins..... | | Wednesday. |
| | May 23. | Second College Term Examination begins..... | | Monday. |
| | June 6. | Anniversary Meeting of Alumni..... | | Monday. |
| | June 7. | Commencement of Law School..... | | Tuesday. |
| | June 8. | Commencement of College and Corcoran School..... | | Wednesday. |

The Columbian University.



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| | June 8. | Commencement of College and Corcoran School..... | Wednesday. |

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 JOHN B. WOODFIELD.
 WALTER M. WOOSTER.
 MARGARET M. YORK.
 CHARLES L. YOUNG.
 CHARLES ST. V. ZIMMERMAN.

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 JOHN H. BURCH.
 WILLIAM L. CLARK.
 WILLIAM N. COGAN.
 JOSEPH COHEN.
 HAMILTON DIMICK.
 JONATHAN R. HAGAN.
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 N. WILLIS POMEROY.
 SIGEL ROUSH, A. M., M. D.
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JAMES SOUARDS.
A. D. SPANGLER.

C. A. STARCK.
W. G. STEWARD.
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GUS WEDDERBURN.
J. F. WILKINS.
S. WILLIAMS.
C. F. WILLIAMSON.
E. S. WILSON.

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| W. R. BLACKFORD, | Dist. of Columbia, | 714 N. C. Avenue, N. W. |
| NINA D. BRADLEY, | Dist. of Columbia, | 1688 31st Street, N. W. |
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| WALTER A. BROWN, | Dist. of Columbia, | Binney Street. |
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| W. I. CAMPBELL, | Pennsylvania, | 302 M Street, N. W. |
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| LUCY E. COGLEY, | Indiana, | 1506 R Street, N. W. |
| E. G. COGLEY, | Indiana, | 1506 R Street, N. W. |
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| C. P. KINDLEBERGER, | Rhode Island, | 1927 G Street, N. W. |
| E. C. KINDLEBERGER, | Rhode Island, | 1927 G Street, N. W. |
| ROBERT H. KING, | New York, | 1315 12th Street, N. W. |
| B. B. H. LAWRENCE, | Dist. of Columbia, | 1111 H Street, N. W. |
| WALKER DAVIS MACLEAN, | Illinois, | 1599 21st Street, N. W. |
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| EMMA B. MOSES, | South Carolina, | 1004 22d Street, N. W. |
| ARTHUR E. ORMES, | Massachusetts, | 717 10th Street, N. W. |
| THORNTON J. PARKER, | Rhode Island, | 2115 Penn. Avenue, N. W. |

*Left College.

| | | |
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| GEORGE PETERSON, | Maryland, | Buxton, Maryland. |
| ANNIE L. PIERCE, | Massachusetts, | 1328 11th Street, N. W. |
| M. W. POOL, | Dist. of Columbia, | 936 S Street, N. W. |
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| HENRIETTA ROGERS, | Dist. of Columbia, | Spruce St., Le Droit Park. |
| JAMES B. SHALLENBERGER,* | Dist. of Columbia, | †Reform School. |
| GERTRUDE SHAW, | Dist. of Columbia, | 210 F Street, N. W. |
| ARTHUR B. SHEPARD, | New York, | 3 Dupont Circle. |
| FLORENCE SHIPMAN, | Virginia, | 1310 Q Street, N. W. |
| NELLA B. SHUTE, | Dist. of Columbia, | 1321 Q Street, N. W. |
| JOHN H. STONE, | Maryland, | Brightwood, D. C. |
| A. P. TALLMADGE, | Dist. of Columbia, | 1150 18th Street, N. W. |
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| A. C. WILSON, | West Virginia, | 1008 N Street, N. W. |
| A. L. WILSON, | West Virginia, | 1008 N Street, N. W. |
| W. H. WILSON, | West Virginia, | 930 K Street, N. W. |
| LILLIAN B. YOUNG, | Georgia, | 1610 15th Street, N. W. |

*Left College. †Not in it, but *at* it.



The Class of '91.

| | | | | |
|---------------------|---|---|---|------------------------|
| HORACE W. JONES. | - | - | - | <i>President.</i> |
| MABEL N. THURSTON, | - | - | - | <i>Vice-President.</i> |
| CHARLES L. FRAILEY, | - | - | - | <i>Secretary.</i> |

Color, Brown.

Flower, Daisy.

We have a class president, and his name is well—er—Jones. As it has devolved upon us to write a class history, we think it befitting to begin the same by sketching the outline of our class president's career. He was born out West; but one night, at the tender age of four summers, he was driving a six-horse plow by moonlight and he felt lonely. To keep himself company, therefore, he began to sing softly "Annie Roo——." He is now with us in the East, and it is rumored that four of the above-mentioned horses died that famous night of chestnuts.

We come now to Mr. Jackson. This gentleman when three months old spoke Latin fluently, and thus he is enabled to hold his own with any of the young ladies of the University in that study. Mr. Jackson is an orator, and once made a "stump" speech of burning eloquence as he took from a friend the glowing remains of a cigarette.

The curtain here rises and Mr. Maclean, standing in the crack of a closed door, falls with easy pose upon our view. Mr. Maclean's youth is unknown to us and some say he never had any, but we doubt the statement. The gentleman is a humorist. He got off a joke at the same time he got off a car the

other day, and claimed that he could do two things at once. We laughed. We always do. It pleases him. He is also a member of our last year's football eleven, and played centre rush.

Mr. Kindleberger's history may be found by looking among the K's in the *Encyclopædia Loafannica*. It is therefore needless to repeat it here.

Mr. Wilson next occupies our attention. He was born in Gaitersville, West Virginia. When a baby he nearly perished by swallowing the buttons off a pair of gaiters. Since then he has been averse to the very sight of them and only wears them on Sundays and week days, and upon his feet. He has now attained the position of senior Editor of this Annual, and enjoys the privileges and discomforts of that position.

Miss Thurston is a fellow editor and policy forbids any reference to her personal history, for we might suffer soundly from her ready pen should we make any mistakes in her biography. We pass on to—

Miss Heth. A Virginia He(a)th, patriotic, true. When but a little child she loved Virginia. When a youthful maiden the only lovely vision which was ever with her was Virginia. When she became a student her study was Virginia in all its aspects. And now, an advanced collegiate, she applies her learning and research to see what glories lie in wait for old Virginia. And yet we never get too much Virginia from Miss Heth.

But one more now remains—Mr. Frailey. Born in the wilds of Cape Cod, he came here at an early date to at last graduate in company with those above mentioned. The parting in June will be a sad one to him, even if it is not to his classmates, for through years of college life most of them have been companions, and the separation at the threshold of life's battle is solemn and impressive. Good luck, success, and happiness be with you always. Classmates, farewell. (The audience will please weep.)



IT MIGHT AS WELL BE UNDER THE BUSHEL.

The Class of '92.

| | | | | |
|----------------------|---|---|---|------------------------|
| N. EVANS FUGITT, | - | - | - | <i>President.</i> |
| FLORENCE S. SHIPMAN, | - | - | - | <i>Vice-President.</i> |
| S. B. TOWNES, | - | - | - | <i>Secretary.</i> |

Color, White.

Flower, Pansy.

With this first copy of Columbian's Annual we are to make our debut into the wide world of college literature, and who can wonder that we do it with hesitation and many prayers to Clio for aid? For this assistance we most certainly need to portray faithfully the many virtues and wonderful talents of the Class of '92. Indeed, one of our bright members has spent a portion of his valuable time in making a list of all the talents possible to mortals and has conclusively shown that they belong to the present Juniors. Last year girls were admitted and '92 possesses three of the twenty who are in the school and who nobly help share the burdens which in times past have weighed somewhat heavily on the shoulders of the sterner sex.

The most conspicuous event of the present year has been the polemic contest with Calculus. At times the struggle has been most severe but now

as the clouds of battle clear away we are ready to exclaim, with greater or *less* degree of truthfulness, "We have met the enemy and they are ours!" The great problems of philosophy, too, so puzzling to Aristotle and Bacon, have been solved like magic by the irresistible force of our class thought, but owing to an extreme modesty which has always distinguished our class, we will not attempt to show the vast extent of our influence upon civilization.

Of course we have had our "ups and downs" in school life, but can they dim our courageous spirits? No! Witness with what triumph Miss B—— came forth from that "Transaction in Heart(s)," and how cleverly the revenge was turned in the right direction. This is but one example of our ingenuity in dealing with the affairs of life.

And now, like all patriotic historians, we do not hesitate to say, that there never was *such* a class in the University before, and as we project our vision into the long and illustrious future of our Alma Mater, we can see no class which can be compared with it in point of beauty, brains, or bragging. The year is drawing to a close and we can look back with pride at the laurels won and with confidence to the future where more await us next year as Seniors.

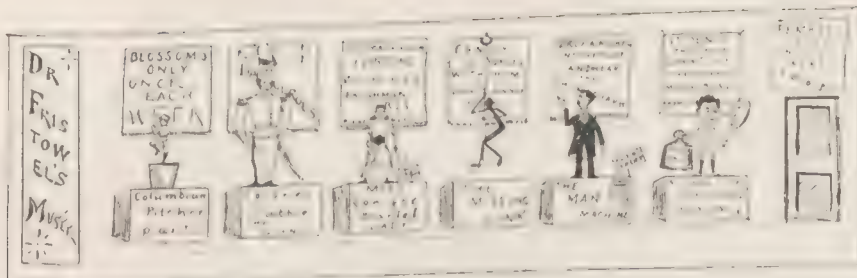
And now the printer says he wants "another half page of Junior history." What more is there? What have they not said about themselves that any one else can say for them? No; ye man of slugs and leads, no half page, nor half line, nor half word of history do you get beyond this! Not though you come with tears and a shotgun or even—even a bill! *Fit?*

as the clouds of battle clear away we are ready to exclaim, with greater or *less* degree of truthfulness, "We have met the enemy and they are ours!" The great problems of philosophy, too, so puzzling to Aristotle and Bacon, have been solved like magic by the irresistible force of our class thought, but owing to an extreme modesty which has always distinguished our class, we will not attempt to show the vast extent of our influence upon civilization.

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The Class of '93.

| | | | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|-----------------|
| SAMUEL T. DAVIS, JR., | - | - | - | President. |
| SALLIE ELIZABETH MASON, | - | - | - | Vice-President. |
| ANDREW Y. BRADLEY, | - | - | - | Secretary. |
| ERNEST L. THURSTON, | - | - | - | Treasurer. |

Color—Silver.

Flower—Violet.

Now I who tell this tale, what am I? I am Original Sin and in the form of a great and roaring wind am I known to they who dwell in this land.

Each year, when the leaf withereth, doth a wild and tempestuous breeze blow into the doors of this college, whistle through the halls, and scatter the cigarette ashes left by the people of the Law Temple. Sometimes this breeze beareth in with it the dust of the streets; sometimes worm-eaten chestnuts; sometimes chaff, and seldom, yea very seldom, a grain of wheat.

And it came to pass that one year ago last falling of leaves my own mighty blast, lusty with pride, blew into these portals, and great was the wonder thereat, for borne by me were pearls, pearls of purest ray serene. (At this point the editors were obliged to cut out two and a-half pages of complimentary matter in order that they might not be accused of undue partiality to the Original Thirteen.) * * * * * And mighty was my pride that I, the class of '93, first gave shelter to the tribe of Co-Eds, and I waxed strong in importance and in iniquity, until that the Elders of the college

seized upon some of my number and cast them out and there was peace thereafter. Thus endeth my Freshman year.

And it came to pass that I grew to be a Sophomore and great was my joy therein, for now might I rise up and make war upon the Freshies and verily did I do this to good purpose. Likewise I arrayed myself against the Seniors who had bought for them hats—blue hats with yellow bows—and I hid away these hats in a secret place, and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth when the Seniors found them not. Then they bought them silk hats and canes and I did harass these also and war raged.

Other deeds, moreover, have I done. I have made grievous battle with Analytics. I have labored long with chemical reactions and many are the acid stains which have appeared upon my raiment thereafter. I have striven with confusion of tongues, and yea, often, verily have I learned of my own foolishness.

And I have possessed my days in such manner, both good and evil.

Once did my better half, my *dimidium*, make a great feast and call unto this the senior damsels and they did all eat, drink, and be merry; but I sat in the outer court and they let me not in, and great was my wrath.

And I have held class elections and chosen thereat wise and worthy people for my leaders, and I did fix my choice upon a class flower, the violet, which is even as a token of my modesty, for truly the poet singeth of "a violet 'neath a mossy stone," yet there is nothing mossy about me except Pynie's whiskers, and he saith that he will have them shaved next Christmas tide.

And ye who have hearkened unto this tale, do ye not say that I am a mighty people? *Sumus populi*. Doth not the Latin Elder declare unto me that mine "is the most delightful class he has ever met," and did he not grant to me the first reading of Cicero's Letters? Verily I am great and greater in that from my capacious brain the microbe of the Columbiad took its birth, and by me it was nourished, and me shall future generations of Columbians rise up and call blessed; for, in the speech of the poet, *non sunt muscæ nobis*.

The Glass of '94.

| | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|-----------------|
| JOHN F. WILKINS, | - | - | - | President. |
| MARY V. FENWICK, | - | - | - | Vice-President. |
| MORRIS W. POOL, | - | - | - | Secretary. |

Color, Pale Green.

Flower, Parsley.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR MA :

I arrived here all right and now I am a giddy Freshman. I learned the College yell in about five minutes and I can beat any Salvation Army trumpet in town; I do wish we had a telephone, I would give it for you. I have stopped giving it in city limits on account of runaways and have confined myself to Pedestrian Club expeditions to relieve my pent-up feelings. I am a real good boy and go to Chapel every morning—except when I skip. The Chapel is a big room filled with chairs that have awfully nice lap-boards which when dropped make a racket like a Fourth-of-July celebration, and the effect is heightened still more by the lurid glares of the agitated professors so we save it for great occasions. Then frequently some kind-hearted organ-grinder strikes up "Little Annie Rooney," "Down went McGinty," etc., during prayers.

The library is quite large and filled with books, but the funny papers and the water-cooler are oftenest used. But we have to skip the funniest jokes, for we are not allowed to laugh very much. The librarian, a mournful-looking individual, says that as he has never seen a joke funny enough to make him laugh, any joke so hilarious as to effect us visibly is to be shunned or else we can be escorted to the door by our ears.

* This cut will be found the subject of misplaced confidence. See page 60.

Oh ma, I got reported to the Faculty—I know you could never guess what for. Some of us boys caught a mouse and I carried it alive into the library by its tail and poked it at some girls; they, silly things, leaped up in the air and yelled and whooped like Apaches on the war-path, so I got reported but I didn't care. We took the mouse upstairs and gave it an electric shock and had lots of fun. We have a very good time in the laboratory but the professor told me to see about getting a nurse for I needed some one to take care of me in class. I wish I could get a policeman instead, for those horrid Sophs are very lively and have a playful way of leaping out upon some unsuspecting man (we are all *men* here) of our class from behind doors and stairways and then the dust flies as they mop up the corridors until either they are exhausted or our man is rescued by his friends, and he gets up battered, scratched, and torn, but still fresh. Lately we have had enough sense to stay together and as it takes three Sophs to lick one of us they have been letting us alone.

The Juniors are real harmless and don't do much but talk of the brightness of their class; but that gives them something to do and amuses them and their listeners. But the Seniors—oh ma! they have *moustaches* and silk hats, just think, and yet sometimes they speak to us and one day one of them gave me a piece of chewing gum. We have a glee club and I belong but I have my doubts about it for I nearly got run in one night while coming home with the club through Georgetown. We were singing "There is a Tavern in Georgetown" when two rude policemen chased us and told us there was also a station-house in Georgetown where we, *we* would soon sit down if we didn't cease our troubling and let the weary be at rest, so we shut up and went along peacefully until we were safe across the bridge in Washington. Then we gaily started up again and so did two new policemen who refreshed our memories about Washington station-houses. Then silently and sadly we filed home *dis-cussing* the lack of appreciation of true musical merit in this city. Oh ma, can't I put on long trousers, for the girls won't go to the glee club with me until I do for they say I'm a kid and they call me "the Sylph" although I weigh 179 pounds. Good-bye.

Your loving son,

BILLY.



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ORGANIZED IN 1822.

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Secretary.

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GEORGE C. CALVERT.

Librarian.

MISS E. B. MOSES.

Sergeant-at-Arms.

J. W. BULLOCK.

Editors of the "Post."

EMMA B. MOSES.

CHAS. L. FRILEY.

Editors of the "News."

W. H. WILSON.

W. D. MACLEAN.

F. E. THROCKMORTON.

The Alumni Association.

President.

B. H. WARNER, Esq.

Vice-Presidents

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Prof. D. KERFOOT SHUTE, M. D.

Secretary.

Prof. H. L. HODGKINS.

Treasurer.

JOHN B. LARNER, Esq.

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OFFICERS EX-OFFICIO.

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Prof. WILLIAM LEE, M. D.

Prof. A. P. MONTAGUE.

THEODORE W. NOYES, Esq.

Prof. D. W. PRENTISS, M. D.

. . . ♦ . . .

The Glee Club.

President.

ESTELLE THROCKMORTON.

Vice-President.

HORACE JONES.

Secretary.

EMMA B. MOSES.

. . . ♦ . . .

The Pedestrian Club.

"Then, ho, for a walk, a nice, cool walk,
In genial company."

President

BROWN B. H. LAWRENCE.

Vice-President

EMMA B. MOSES.

Secretary.

ARTHUR E. ORMES.

Our Fraternities.



"Zhem Zwo!

Zhem Zwo!"

Phi Kappa Psi.

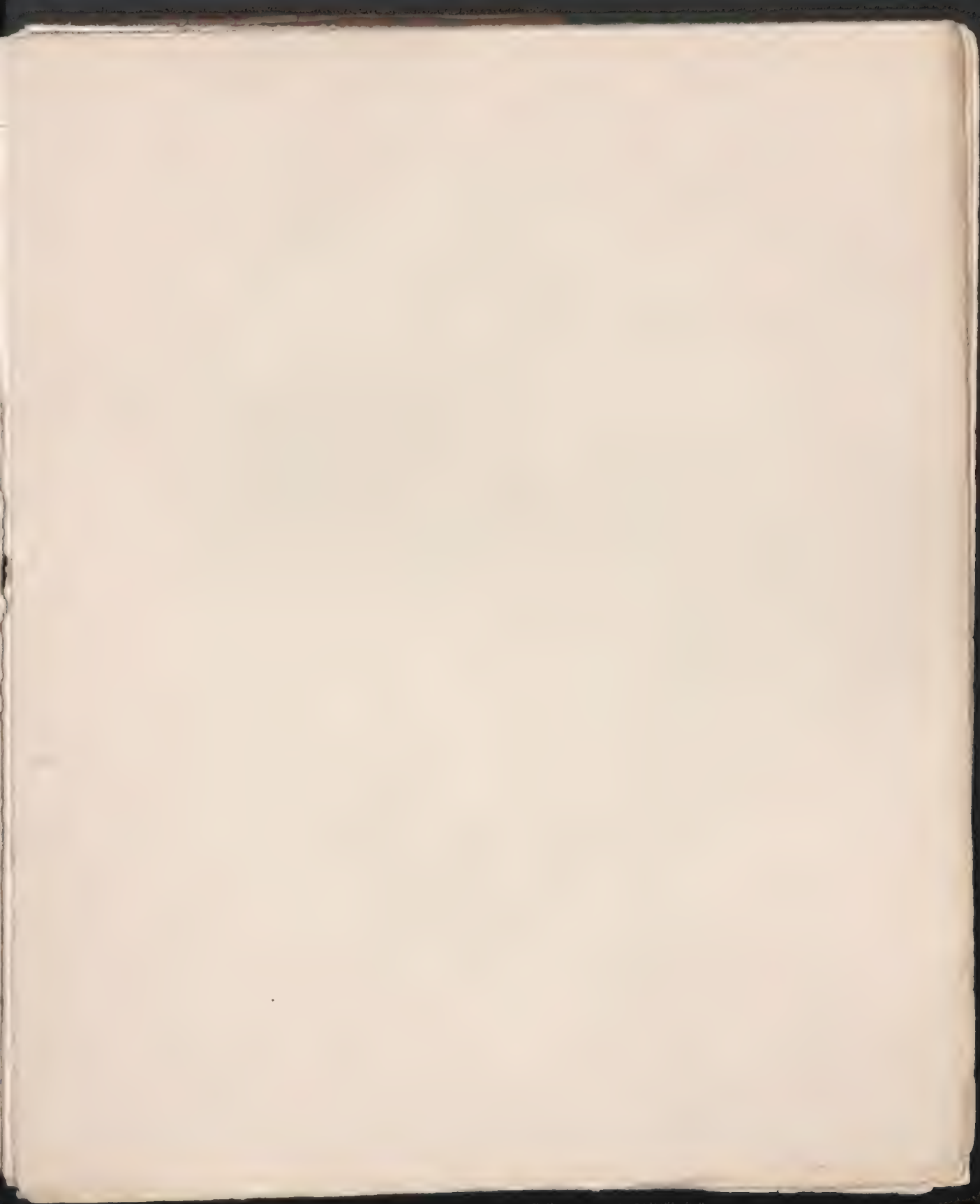
Colors, Lavender and Pink.

Journal, "The Shield."

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ROLL OF ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|---|-----------------------------------|
| PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA, | - | - | Washington and Jefferson College. |
| NEW YORK ALPHA, | - | - | Cornell University. |
| VIRGINIA ALPHA, | - | - | University of Virginia. |
| WEST VIRGINIA ALPHA, | - | - | University of West Virginia. |
| MARYLAND ALPHA, | - | - | Johns Hopkins University. |
| DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA ALPHA, | - | - | Columbian University. |
| SOUTH CAROLINA ALPHA, | - | - | University of South Carolina. |
| MISSISSIPPI ALPHA, | - | - | University of Mississippi. |
| OHIO ALPHA, | - | - | Wesleyan University. |
| INDIANA ALPHA, | - | - | De Pauw University. |
| ILLINOIS ALPHA, | - | - | Northwestern University. |
| MICHIGAN ALPHA, | - | - | Michigan University. |
| WISCONSIN ALPHA, | - | - | Wisconsin University. |
| IOWA ALPHA, | - | - | Iowa University. |
| KANSAS ALPHA, | - | - | Kansas University. |
| CALIFORNIA ALPHA, | - | - | University of the Pacific. |
| PENNSYLVANIA BETA, | - | - | Allegheny College. |
| NEW YORK BETA, | - | - | Syracuse University. |
| VIRGINIA BETA, | - | - | Washington and Lee University. |
| OHIO BETA, | - | - | Wittenberg College. |
| INDIANA BETA, | - | - | University of Indiana. |
| MINNESOTA BETA, | - | - | University of Minnesota. |
| PENNSYLVANIA GAMMA, | - | - | Bucknell University. |





| | | | | |
|-----------------------|---|---|---|--------------------------------|
| VIRGINIA GAMMA, | - | - | - | Hampden-Sydney College. |
| OHIO GAMMA, | - | - | - | Wooster University. |
| INDIANA GAMMA, | - | - | - | Wabash College. |
| WISCONSIN GAMMA, | - | - | - | Beloit College. |
| NEW YORK DELTA, | - | - | - | Hobart College. |
| OHIO DELTA, | - | - | - | University of Ohio. |
| PENNSYLVANIA EPSILON, | - | - | - | Pennsylvania College. |
| NEW YORK EPSILON, | - | - | - | Colgate University. |
| PENNSYLVANIA ZETA, | - | - | - | Dickinson College. |
| PENNSYLVANIA ETA, | - | - | - | Franklin and Marshall College. |
| PENNSYLVANIA THETA, | - | - | - | Lafayette College. |
| PENNSYLVANIA IOTA, | - | - | - | University of Pennsylvania. |
| PENNSYLVANIA KAPPA, | - | - | - | Swarthmore College. |

Alumni Associations.

PITTSBURGH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

NEW YORK ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

CINCINNATI ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

SPRINGFIELD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

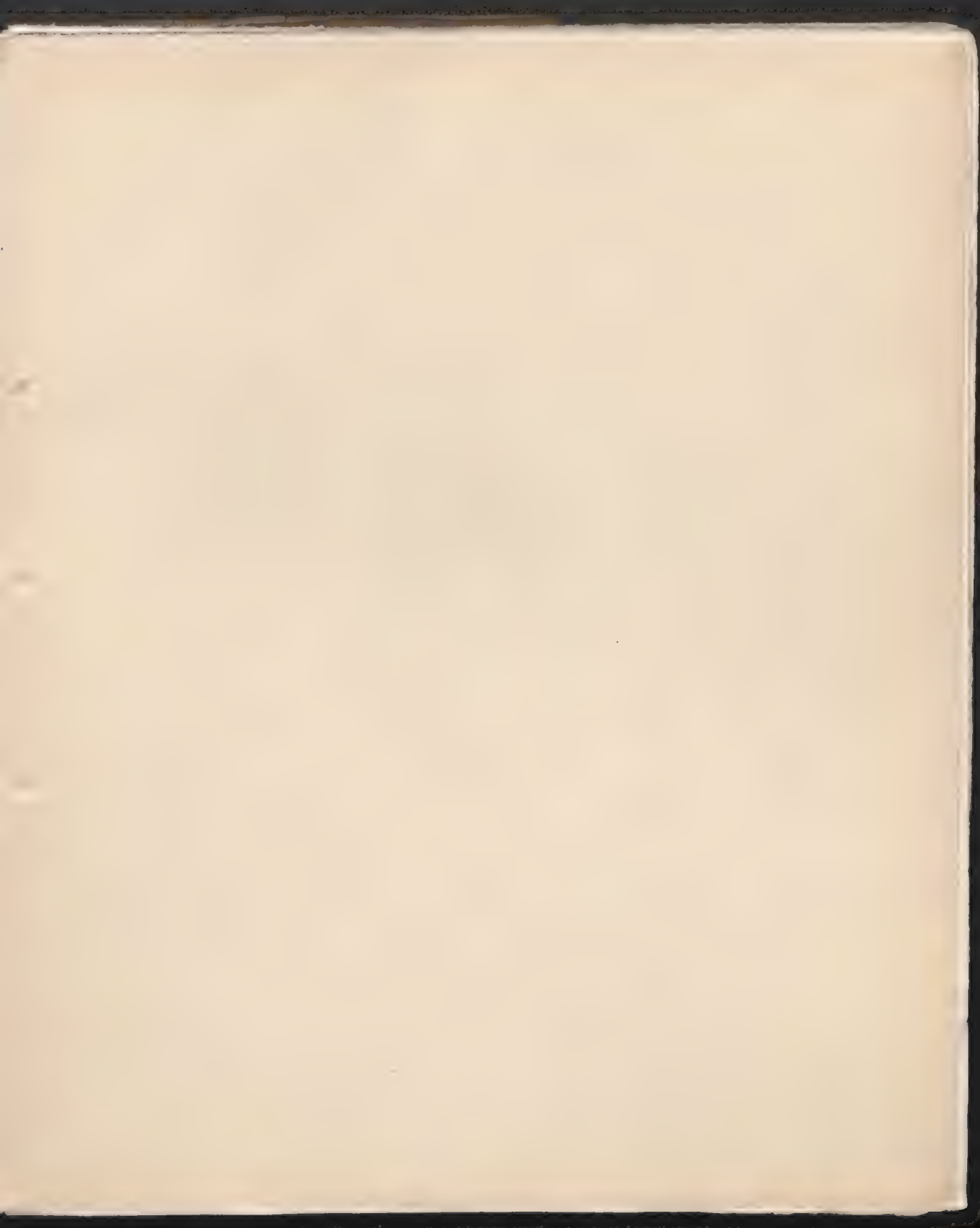
CLEVELAND ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

TWIN-CITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

District of Columbia Alpha.

| NAME. | | | | | PROFESSION. |
|-----------------------|---|---|---|---|-------------------|
| WILLIAM S. ARMSTRONG, | - | - | - | - | Insurance. |
| FRANK E. CARSTARPHEN, | - | - | - | - | Law. |
| JAMES S. DAVIDSON, | - | - | - | - | Banking. |
| JOSEPH G. FALCK, | - | - | - | - | Teaching. |
| FRED WEBB HODGE, | - | - | - | - | Ethnologist. |
| ALLAN J. HOUGHTON, | - | - | - | - | Law. |
| ISAAC G. KENNEDY, | - | - | - | - | Law. |
| W. A. MEARNES, | - | - | - | - | Banking. |
| WILLIAM C. PRENTISS, | - | - | - | - | Law. |
| HARRY W. REED, | - | - | - | - | Law. |
| HARRY W. SMITH, | - | - | - | - | Stenography. |
| FRANK H. STEVENS, | - | - | - | - | Law. |
| MILO H. SUTLIFF, | - | - | - | - | Medicine. |
| ERNEST G. THOMPSON, | - | - | - | - | Banking. |
| J. BRUCE WEBB, | - | - | - | - | Pension Attorney. |
| GEORGE L. WILKINSON, | - | - | - | - | Law. |
| J. E. WILLIAMS, | - | - | - | - | Law. |
| WILLIAM H. WILSON, | - | - | - | - | Law. |





• • Pi Beta Phi. • •

1867.

Colors, Wine and Blue.

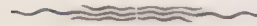
Journal, "The Arrow."

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—Roll of Chapters.—

| | | | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------------------------|
| ILLINOIS BETA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Lombard University. |
| ILLINOIS DELTA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Knox College. |
| IOWA ALPHA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Iowa Wesleyan University |
| IOWA BETA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Simpson College. |
| IOWA GAMMA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Iowa Agricultural College. |
| IOWA ZETA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | State University of Iowa. |
| KANSAS ALPHA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | State University of Kans. |
| COLORADO ALPHA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | State University of Colo. |
| COLORADO BETA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Denver University. |
| INDIANA ALPHA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Franklin College. |
| COLUMBIA ALPHA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Columbian University. |
| OHIO ALPHA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Ohio University. |
| MICHIGAN ALPHA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Hillsdale College. |
| MICHIGAN BETA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | University of Michigan. |
| MINNESOTA ALPHA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | University of Minnesota. |
| IOWA ETA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Associate Alumnae. |
| IOWA THETA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Associate Alumnae. |
| NEBRASKA ALPHA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Associate Alumnae. |
| IOWA IOTA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Alumnae. |
| IOWA KAPPA, | - | - | - | - | - | - | Alumnae. |

Pi Beta Phi.



Columbia Alpha.

April 27, 1889.

• ♦ ♦ ♦ •

In Universitate.

ANNA S. HAZELTON.

CORA E. DILL.

F. ESTELLE THROCKMORTON.

NELLA BAYNE SHUTE.

PHEBE R. NORRIS, M. D. AUGUSTA M. PETTIGREW, M. D.

• ♦ ♦ ♦ •

In Urbe.

EMMA HARPER TURNER,
Grand President Pi Beta Phi.

LILLIE S. HAZELTON.

SALLIE F. SPARKS.



The Base Ball Club.

Players:

DAVIS, p., l. f.

PETERSON, c., 2b.

FUGITT, 1b.

E. JONES, 2b., p.

F. JONES, l. f., c.

PYNE, c. f., ss.

TALLMADGE, 3b.

WILKINS, ss., c. f.

BRAINERD, r. f.

Substitutes:

A. C. WILSON.

BURCHARD.

KING.

. . . ▲ . . .

The Foot Ball Eleven.

Players:

FUGITT, end.

SHEPHERD, centre.

S. WILSON, end.

TALLMADGE, guard.

KINDLEBERGER, guard.

McFARLAND, tackle.

PYNE, quarter.

PETERSON, tackle.

WILKINS, half.

DAVIS, half.

WALKER, full.

Substitute:

MACLEAN.

GAMES.

COLUMBIAN vs. KALORAMA, 10-0.

COLUMBIAN vs. EMERSON, 8-4.

COLUMBIAN vs. GEORGETOWN 2nd, 0-6.

COLUMBIAN vs. KENDALL '93, 6-20.

COLUMBIAN vs. ALEXANDRIA, 0-22.

Closing Exercises of the Enosinian Society.

May 22, 1891.

• ◀ ■ ▶ •

1. CALLING TO ORDER.
2. ADDRESS OF WELCOME, - - HORACE W. JONES.
3. HISTORIAN, - - MISS LUCY E. COGLEY.
4. READING OF THE BEE, - - MISS EMMA B. MOSES.
Contributors: { T. W. BULLOCK.
 { GEORGE C. CALVERT.
5. ORATION, - - - E. HILTON JACKSON.
6. READING OF THE NEWS, - MISS F. E. THROCKMORTON.
Contributors: { W. D. MACLEAN.
 { C. L. FRAILEY.
7. POEM, - - - CHARLES L. FRAILEY.
8. PROPHECY, - - - C. GRINNELL COGLEY.
9. SENIORS' FAREWELL, - - WALKER D. MACLEAN.
10. UNDERGRADUATES' REPLY, - - J. H. STONE.
11. ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZE MEN.
12. ADJOURNMENT.

Ye Spread in Honor of Ye Go-Eds of '91.

Given by Ye Go-Eds of '93.

.

Menu.

| | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| Spring Lamb. | Bouillon. | French Peas. |
| | Pommes de Terre—Frites. | |
| | Lettuce and Tomato Salad. | |
| | Charlotte Russe. | |
| Ice Cream, Napolitaine. | | Fancy Cakes. |
| | Assorted Fruits. | |
| Conserves. | | Almonds. |
| Coffee. | | Cheese Straws. |
| | Strawberry Punch. | |

Toasts.

Toast Mistress, MISS MASON.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|----------------|
| THE FACULTY, | - | - | - | - | - | MISS HETH. |
| THE BOYS, | - | - | - | - | - | MISS SHUTE. |
| THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN, | - | - | - | - | - | MISS BREWER. |
| OUR AMBITIONS, | - | - | - | - | - | MISS THURSTON. |
| SUCCESS OF COLUMBIAN GIRLS, | - | - | - | - | - | MISS PRIEST. |

WARNING

FORGIVE, kind reader, all the little fibs
The following piece of self-praise doth contain.
It emanated from a Co-Ed's brain,
And all the other twelve—alas, how vain!—

Esteem it true. But we who gave our ribs—
That is, by proxy—to construct an Eve
Know that her daughters never did receive
Inheritance of virtues such as these.

This much we say, and, saying, hope to please:
That if, dear girls, you take your little slates,
Put down your self-set values, every one,
Divide by two, then you will have the rates
At which we hold you—it is simply done.

What! angry and insulted? Don't you see
The values which you set would be so high
That, tho' divided, still enough they'd be
To very nearly raise you to the sky?
As angels, we don't think you'd make much show,
But vote you all the dearest *girls* we know.

THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

On the twenty-second of September, 1889, the names of women were signed for the first time on the register of Columbian College.

A year before, one girl had tried the current of the College course and had pronounced it safe. The next year six other girls followed in her footsteps. When the roll was called for the last time before the holidays, there were thirteen girls who answered "Present":

First, Miss Bradley, our mathematical girl and prize talker, endowed with power to bring very dignified men down to the level of ordinary mortals;

Then Miss Brewer, the Independent, who, born on the prairies of the West, takes her fanciful sobriquet from the devotion of the only Cricket of the Fort. Though only a "Dot," she is still great enough to influence the lives of the many, great enough even to form the subject of an hour's lecture in Psychology ;

Miss Clark, our quiet girl, the ready champion of all that is good and true ;

Miss Cogley, the "Baby" of the "Thirteen," who takes all the petting she can get, quite as a matter of course ;

Miss Cook, the first president of the "Thirteen," our athletic girl, devoted to all kinds of sports ;

Miss Heth, noted for her scholarly attainments, her sense of humor, and unfailing good temper ;

Miss Mason, our petite girl, who, set forth in official language, has "the power of exciting laughter in others, while suppressing it in herself" ;

Miss Moses, our Shakespeare student, our elocutionist, who, by her look or gesture, assumes any part at will ;

Miss Priest, an untiring worker on all College plans, an unfailing source of new ideas, the successful wooer of the fickle muse ;

Miss Shipman, our Greek prodigy, the ever ready helper of those whose footsteps falter in the paths of knowledge, where she walks so serenely ;

Miss Shute, our merry girl ; the girl with a laugh is she, a sweet, merry laugh that rings out always and everywhere ; a laugh that fills her luminous eyes, that comes from a heart glowing with youth and gladness ;

Miss Throckmorton, our star, whose steady light shines so calmly over our stormy paths, the friend of all, the soother of ruffled spirits ;

Miss Thurston, lastly she who was first, she who made it possible for the "Thirteen" to be ; our first girl graduate, of whom we are so proud :—

These, "The Original Thirteen," who worked their first collegiate year in fear and trembling, and the next year with added courage. These the girls who for two years have fought their battles and won their victories under the orange and blue, and who in the coming years will fight and conquer under the same bright colors, with the same watchword—

"Orange for hearts that are brave hearts,
Blue for hearts that are true."



* * * WHEN ONE IS YOUNG. * *

When one is young his heart is strung
Like a harp with many strings,
And love each day plays a different way
And a different song he sings.
Each song seems more sweet than the one before,
We forget the old as we list to the new,
And trust it will last, but it soon is o'er,
And a new strain thrills us through and through—
Love plays fast, but we cannot complain,
Carried away by each new strain.

After playing lay on lay
Suddenly some summer day
Love, the harper, strikes the strings
With a sweeping stroke that brings
Wondrous music such as we
Never dreamed that he could play,
And our soul in ecstasy
Listens to the melody,
To the notes so sweetly swelling,
To the song so sweetly telling
Of the player in us dwelling.
Playing of a maiden fair,
Singing of her wavy hair,

Of her eyes of tend'rest blue,
Of her heart so fond and true.
Love we think can never sing
Such a song as this again.
He is sweeping every string,
Every note and chord to ring.
Never played he such a strain
Ne'er shall play the like again.

Suddenly the music dies,
And when love begins again
On a new and sweeter strain
Notice we with glad surprise
That the song that thrilled us so
That our soul seemed taking wings
Came from 'neath love's gentler blow
While untouched were half the strings,
While with joy we could have wept
Half our heart strings were unswept.

* * * * *

Love is nodding, soon he sleeps,—
Silence o'er the harp-string creeps—
Sleeps, but soon shall wake again
With a newer, gladder strain.

* * * * *

All of sorrow, all of pain,
All the hopes that have been vain;
All the memories that remain
Of the old song's dying strain,
Shall betake themselves to wings
When love strikes again the strings,
When another song he sings.

* * * * *

Love has many songs he sings
And our hearts have many strings.

The Columbian Histrionic Association.

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| C. L. FRAILEY, | Manager. |
| B. B. H. LAWRENCE, | Business Manager. |
| J. H. HAZELTON, | Stage Manager. |
| Prof. GORE. | Mr. G. H. HODGKINS. |

STOCK ASSIGNMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---------------|--------------------------------|----------------|
| Injured Hero, | JONES. | Silent Marine, | COGLEY. |
| Heavy Villian, | W. H. WILSON. | Blushing Maiden, | SHALLENBERGER. |
| Honest Rustic, | WILKINS. | Anxious Grandma, | JACKSON. |
| Angered Parent, | FUGITT. | Laughing Minnehaha, | BRADLEY. |
| Little Freddy, | STONE. | Aunt Dinah, | GRIER.† |
| Tramp, | DENISON.* | Carmencita Danseuse, | BEARDSLEY. |
| The British Army, the Mob, Indians, etc., | | FRESHMAN CLASS. | |

STOCK SCENERY.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| Bushes, Underbrush, etc., } PYNE. | Blank Wall, } SHEPARD. |
| Mouth of the Amazon, } | Telegraph Pole, } |
| Niagara, | BULLOCK. |

*Mr. Denison's specialty is in not "making up" before going on the stage.
 †At matinees only; goes to bed every night, except Sunday, at seven—Sundays at half-past seven.

SONGS FROM RUDDYGORE.

— :: —

"The hearing ear and the seeing eye."

— :: —

THERE is a professor of "Math,"
Who a blazer of gaudy hue hath;
It is most becoming, in fit very stunning,
And striped like a meteor's path.

—

"So?"—with varying inflection.

—

"Ein Kind ist verloren."

—

And he has a little curl of proud and haughty twirl
That stands right up on his forehead,
And when he is good he is very, very good,
But when he *is* bad he is horrid.

—

"Yes, indeed."

—

"Wouldn't like to say"—when interviewed as to the probability of certain
"Exam." questions.

"Very good!"

"Did I ever tell you that little story about——?"

"I have observed that the approach of the Easter holidays has a tendency to cause the circle to approach the oval."

"Poor child!"—with withering sarcasm.

Wanted, next year: A new supply of ginger cakes and pie for use in mathematical demonstration.

"Garen—gor—gegoren."

"Who steals my purse, steals trash;"

But he who takes from me my *string*, robs me of that whereon my reputation hangs, the art of making roundest circles.

Oh, he had a blazer bright,
"Twould illumine darkest night,
With its gay and gaudy stripe.
Such shall never we see more,
Oh, that blazer all galore,
Blazer worn by Ruddy Gore.

"Allow me to present to the members of the Sophomore Class Mr. Beardsley, formerly one of your number, but now one of our great and growing Board of Visitors."

"Yes, Mr. Shallenberger! Your mamma is a most faithful correspondent, Mr. Shallenberger. I would be happy to hear from your father also."

Our Post-office.

HI SERIES.

[Mr. Davis to Mr. Wilkins, 9 o'clock A. M.]

1622 15TH ST., Saturday, April 22.

DEAR JOHNNY:

Can't you come around to dinner to-night after the game? I think you can manage to worry down our frugal fare. Pete is coming, and we want to go down and take in Palmer's Company afterwards. Come on.

Very much yours,

SAM.

[Mr. Wilkins, Jr., to Mr. Wilkins, Sr., 7.15 P. M.]

1622 15TH ST., April 22, '91.

Enclosed are notes for game Columbian vs. Y. M. C. A. Also a few general notes. Get them in if you can, please.

J. F. WILKINS.

P. S.—Please pay the messenger. J. F. W.

[Mr. Wilkins, Jr., to Mr. Wilkins, Sr., 11.30 P. M.]

DEAR FATHER:

Those notes on Davis and Peterson have got to go in if they crowd out the League games.

JOHN.

P. S.—Please pay the messenger.

[The Washington Post, Sunday, April 23]

Davis, Columbians' crack pitcher, is making a fine record. In two successive games his opponents have made an average of six hits per game; only three earned runs were scored, and seventeen men struck out.

The Columbian College nine has a great player in Peterson: he is one of the best all around ball tossers in the District.

FIN OPEN LETTER.

TO MR. ROBERT H. KING:

DEAR KING: Several quite forcible requests have reached me to the effect that I attempt your reformation. While I fully recognize the fact that any such attempt is useless, yet words addressed to you may find fertile soil in some other less abandoned soul, notably Beardsley's, and thus bear fruit.

I can't imagine what profession in life you are fitting for, when I take into consideration the present decayed state of our merchant marine. For the fates undoubtedly intended you for a skipper. I stand in awe of your skill; nothing approaches it, unless it is Davis stealing second. You have the record of coming here before nine in the morning, skipping chapel, skipping four hours straight, and then staying in the library until half-past one; and in all that time never being caught by one of the lynx-eyed Faculty. *Cæsar, nos snacti,* te salutamus!*

This classic quotation reminds me of the inefficiency of your text-books. When you *do* come to a class, "It isn't in this book, professor"; or, "I can't find the place in this book, professor"; or else you begin to read some passage that has been left out of all other books, and you have, to be stopped and "I can't find the place where I ought to begin again." It is grand, King, simply magnificent!

But yet we beg you to have a care to these things, brother. For when you have come up before the rail at the last trump, you will find that Gabe doesn't lose his place, ever; that his book does not leave out anything, and he doesn't care a drachma for expurgation. Have a care to these things, brother.

Yours in the hope of a change, THE COLUMBIAD.

*Having been snagged; *snago, snagere, snaxi, snactum.*

A MODEST WISH.

You may long for earth's high places—
For glory love and such things;
I only want four aces
When Billy Brown holds four kings.

ANALYTICS—TO NINA B.

"A dream, a perfect dream," said she.
To this I certainly agree,
For better phrase I would not care.
A dream indeed—a real nightmare.

... . IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

THEY say that Co-Eds to be limited are --

This news is important, if true ;

That the maidens are getting too numerous, by far—

This news is important, if true.

We've heard that the girls eat peanuts upstairs ;

That also the Faculty have revised last year's prayers,

And that medals this year must be given in pairs :

This news is important, if true.

They tell us that silence in the Library reigns—

This news is important, if true ;

That loquacity the ex-Senior restrains —

This news is important, if true.

'Tis also reported the girls gave a spread,

Where the two Senior damsels were royally fed,

And in this, as all else, '93 was the head :

This news is important, if true.

They say that the Glee Club *once* sang a song —

This news is important, if true ;

That Pynie will shave "them" before very long —

This news is important, if true ;

That we'll publish an Annual and win at base ball ;

That some day we'll get a gymnasium hall,

And Columbian progressive once we can call :

This news is important, if true.

"Them * Hats."

JONES was riding homeward in one of the large and handsome two-horse conveyances belonging to the Washington and Georgetown Railroad Company. He usually walked—for exercise—and turned his nickel into ten Virginia Brights. But to-day he was tired; his legs were stiff; his back ached, and his hair, wet with perspiration, hung limp over his Henry Clay forehead. This same forehead, H. C., was puckered up into a thousand wrinkles. His eyes, those Daniel Webster orbits, were dark with hidden fires, while the lips of his Napoleon mouth were drawn tightly together, expressive of great determination and firm resolve. Tightly grasped in his hands, those hands which had so often guided six fiery plough horses by moonlight through Dakota fields, were his books. Pulled down low over his forehead was his hat, and herein lay the cause of all the mystery. It was on its account he rode to-day and on its account he wore such an expression of mingled indignation, disgust, debility, and determination. It was a modest, unpretentious little head ornament to create such trouble, a dwarf cause for such giant effects. Only a plain blue felt hat, such as any seven-year-old boy may wear, but with the additional decoration of a bright orange ribbon band. It was a class hat; in fact, *the* class hat, for it had its origin in Senior brains and was supposed to cover and protect its originators. For two long weeks had the Seniors labored to produce the mighty *ensemble* of their hats. For one week more had they called at the hatter's three times a day to see if they had arrived. At last they came, and the elated Seniors spent the whole afternoon parading proudly through the most prominent boulevards, noticing with buoyant pleasure the admiration with which they were received, and listening to the strains of "Where did you get that hat?" as proudly as a conquering hero to martial music in his honor. During recitations the hats, all in a row, reposed in the most conspicuous place in the library, and the world gazed upon those hats and envied the owners thereof. Many a time the Seniors came in to get a glimpse and found them surrounded by a group of angry, envious Sophomores, but they feared no evil. The Senior cup of happiness was full, too full; someone was bound to spill it, and these spillers were the Sophomores.

There were whispered consultations on the stairways; there was hard breathing and gritting of teeth when a Senior passed. But the Seniors knew it not. One day the storm burst. The hats were gone. Yellow ribbon, bow, and blue hat gone—lost! The police were telephoned and the search began. At last, sighs of relief welled up from the nigh broken hearts of the class. The hats were not gone, not lost. Shally had only slipped them behind the books in the law case, because he could not study while they polluted his sight. Joy at their recovery was so great that the insult was forgiven, and, perched jauntily on the backs of learned heads, the hats went triumphantly forth from the college door. The next day they were gone again. Anger burned fierce in Senior bosoms and they resolved to get mad about it, and, if absolutely necessary, to fight. It was an insult to the class. They would lick the Sophomores or die like Spartans, fighting for liberty and their little blue hats. Yes, they would! They formed a solid column and went to Prof. M.'s class-room and announced to the assembled Sophomores that if they monkeyed—they used this strong and technical term—monkeyed with their hats any longer, they *might* get hurt. Yet, *horresco referens*, when they went down-stairs their hats were gone again! They hurled their bodies up the stairway and searched in every corner for a Sophomore who was not in recitation. At last, news was brought that Davis was in the laboratory. Frailey went down cellar to turn on the water in the tank and to clear the back stairway. The rest walked determinedly into the laboratory and gathered around Davis and looked at him. Now on one side of Davis was Hopkins; on the other, Denison. Hopkins stood that Senior gaze as long as possible and then fled, shrieking, from the room. At the same moment the Seniors sprang forward. Denison probably would have run, but Davis had his arm around him. *Pugnatum est diu atque acriter in eo loco*. Finally Davis let go of Denison, and Denison lay down and let Maclean sit on his head, and Davis got his legs around the limb of a table. For the space of three minutes there were loud breathings and groans, only broken by Hopkins' yells as he fled up Vermont avenue. Then Frailey put his head in the backstairs door and suggested that they lift the table away from Davis instead of lifting Davis from the table. Meanwhile Davis let go with his right hand and Jones leaned against the wall and nursed his left eye. Just as Davis and the table and the sulphuretted

hydrogen apparatus were surging around in mid-air, Dr. Fr-st- - appeared. (For detailed description see the *Æneid*, Book I, lines 100, *sqq.*) They labored with the Doctor for some time, but he insisted upon the dignity of the laboratory and they had to give in. Muttering dire threats and swear words, they went apart and searched for their hats until Bradley should get out of class, for they "could lick him, anyway." But he escaped and not a soul in the college knew where the hats were, and the Janitor followed the Senior class around the halls, mopping up their tears. Through library, class-room, and hall they rushed in vain; in vain through cellar and coal-bin and furnace-room, asking of every passer-by: "Have you seen our hats?" But they looked down the ventilating flue at last and, with relief and black soot on their faces, and relief and black ire in their hearts, they fished out their hats, and, having gathered on the front steps, they grasped hands, gritted their teeth thrice, and parted. And Jones took the car. Next to him sat a little man with a fire-red face, a very round waistcoat, a pair of short, fat little legs that hung an inch from the floor. He smiled as Jones entered, and held out his hand. Jones stared at him in amazement, and his appearance would have frightened most men into silence; but the little fellow never blanched. He was bent on entering into conversation. "Going to be at the meeting to-night, brudder?" he asked, with a genial smile on his fat face. Jones scowled at him and then looked out of the window. The little man went on: "Dink we'll haf a goot crawt dere to-night. Capt'n Happy Jenny vill beat der tam-b'rine and I vill blow der big horn. Vish you'd drop in, brudder, and tell us how your vork is. Vat regiment you belong to?" "What do you take me for?" asked Jones, turning fiercely upon him. "Who do you think I am?" "Ach!" said the little man, "you can't fool me. I know you by your hat and de little button in your coat. You belong, like me, to der big Salvation Army. Ach! am I not right? My name is—" but Jones was gone. He was four squares from home. His legs were stiff, his back ached, he was worn out and four squares from home. But he went. He hastily left that car, and the little man has an impression that the words he half smothered under his breath were not a part of the Songs of David. "He is crazy, dot brudder," he said to himself. But Jones was gone; and he was four squares from home.

OUR FLAG.

Our city is of beauty rare,
As every one will own,
And what its future prospects are
Its glorious past has shown.
And 'mongst its avenues and streets,
Its buildings, old and new,
Our college stands—protector of
The Orange and the Blue.

Full many a day was college hill
Out on Columbia Heights
To many a parting student's eye
The dearest of all sights.

We yet love college just the same,
And cheer when e'er we view
The graceful undulations of
The Orange and the Blue.

We have professors, great and small,
From Lodge to Ruddy-Gore,
From Fristoe to our President
So learned in psychic lore.

In Greek, Professor Huntington,
In Latin, Montague—

Yes, all these lights they shine beneath
The Orange and the Blue.

Full many a change has taken place
In later years gone by,
And changes for the good and best
In future shall we try;

But whatsoe'er these changes be
We'll to the flag be true

And love dear old Columbian—
The Orange and the Blue.



ADDRESS TO DOCTOR FRISTOE'S MUMMY.

We need not seek through prehistoric signs
To know thy age and former occupation ;
Nor yet to read from early history's lines,
To know your life, and in that life, your station.
We've heard your history, whole, without a flaw;
Perchance you have on earth to-day some brothers.
Go to—Your gaping jaw and outstretched hand
Do awe us not, nor yet respect demand.
Fristoe kept you whole to show the way
In which to stop the natural decay.
Although we may not be put in a case,
And live beneath the stairs in such a manner,
Although a gaping jaw is not a grace,
We may have written on our earthly banner:
"This creature died, for he could plainly see,
That for his death the world would better be."

McL.

Quotations.

—
"The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."

BRADLEY.—"A mischief-making monkey from his birth."

MACLEAN.—"With a smile that was childlike and bland."

A. L. WILSON.—"A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."

DENISON.—"You come most carefully upon your hour."*

MISS SHUTE.—"Your picture of your dear papa" (*Poor papa!*)

CALVERT.—
"Oh heavenly powers, restore him!
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

W. H. WILSON.—"Where is my trusty sword, my fair armor?"
"Sweet, my lord, hast so soon forgot? Thine Uncle hath them."

MISS YOUNG.—"Her words do show her wit incomparable."

EDMUNDS.—"Omnium pars magna sum."

THE JANITOR.—"Most like a gentleman."

E. C. KINDLEBERGER.—"Rock-a-bye, baby."

PYNE.—
"Beware! beware!
She's fooling thee!"

ORMES.—"O, how beautiful it is to love!"

THE PRINTER.—"He hath not failed to pester us with message."

MISS BRADLEY.—"The lady doth protest too much, I think."

GRIER.—"An omnivorous biped that wears breeches."

BULLOCK.—"Thunder for nothing, like December's cloud, passes unmarked."

STONE.—"Not a rolling stone, but still finds it difficult to gather Mosses."

PYNE.—
Not for all the gold of Midas
Would he part with those rank siders.

* Ask Prof. Gore.

TOWNES.—A preacher's son—you know the rest.

MR. G. H. HODGKINS.—No ghost called back by spiritualistic art
Would with him in a rapping contest start.*

LAWRENCE.— He talks so low, you never know
What he has said till he goes o'er
It half a dozen times or more,
And then you wish he had talked lower.

SHEPARD.— A society lad with a rather rich dad
And a mind and digestion both very bad.

MISS BRADLEY.—If Mind and Tongue should make a race
To see which was more quick,
I'd lay you even for first place
And let you take your pick.

JONES.— A tall, lanky lad, just arrived from the West,
With wheat down his back and wool on his vest.

FRAILEY.—A voluminous writer whose fondness for his own productions is
heartily reciprocated; they always return unto him before many days.

BULLOCK.—A second Webster. "A steam-engine in Plymouth Rocks."

MISS MOSES.—Such an ardent disciple of Shakespeare that she won't eat ham.

KINDLEBERGER.—A very fine fellow who would rank high among men
If he ceased to think the world was made to float the U. S. N.

MISS CLARK.—She has cut more men than all the other girls in college put
together—at the Medical School. [Note to Censors: Is this joke too
"stiff" for you to di'gest?]

PROF. FR-ST- —.—"The pet of the ladies, but still he's no dude;
He's a jovial, jocular gent."

PROF. M-NT-G- —.—A perfect Chesterfield! He even bows to the dress-
maker's dummy, and nods benignly to the wooden Indian in front of the
cigar store.

* "Ca-a-ash!"

Prof. H-nt-ng-t-n :
"When Greek met Greek, then came the tug of war,"
Was said most truly of that valiant nation ;
But when a Greek meets one who is *no* Greek,
The tug is tougher—in examination.

Whose Cap ?
So much thou knowest of the head ! So little of the heart !

Prof. S. M. S. :
"One of these genial souls who ne'er grow old,
Who look on life to laugh and not to scold."

Prof. G-r- :
A few years hence and thou shalt be
The *world's* teacher in Geodesy.

Prof. L-dg- :
Thou knowest twice as much as some men who think themselves
far greater.

Prof. H-dgk-ns :
In Mathematics there is naught
Another man could show him.
Not long ago he tried to show
The study is a "*poem*."

Dr. W-ll--g :
We pray thee to let mercy temper justice, and own at least thy
portrait is well done.

FOUND ON A CLASS-ROOM FLOOR.

A ringlet of gold
And a little pink heart.
The heart's leaves unfold,
Look within and behold
A ringlet of gold,
Oh product of art !
A ringlet of gold
In a little pink heart !

FOR OUR LIT-TLE FOLKS.

Fresh-man, *a fresh baby.*

Pic-ture, *a Co-lum-bi-an Co-Ed.*

Mouth, *an or-i-fice.*



What is in the pic-ture?

The Fresh-man class is in the pic-ture.

Is the Fresh-man class large?

Their heads are large.

Are their mouths large?

Their mouths are lar-ger than their heads.

Run, Fresh-man, run.

O ma-ma, I want to be a Fresh-man.

QUID CANTUM ?

Yes, old Zeus could hurl the thunder,
And old Thaumas look and wonder,
And in a minute Hercules could whip a thousand men;
But what are all the sages,
All the Solons of the ages,
What are Cicero and Plato of the philosophic pen ?

Old Aristotle's ethics
Are a mass of lethargetics,
And Socrates was fool enough to drink a hemlock punch;
Zeno was fond of musing,
And Diogenes confusing,
All his concepts didn't know enough to swoop a free beer lunch.

Now Bullock hurls the thunder,
Cogley's eyes are filled with wonder,
And Fugitt clears the crowd out by the greatness of his strength.
Now baffled are the sages
As they gaze upon the pages
That Frailey hands to -ll-, who is blinded by their length.

Then Stone is now our Solon,
Mack's head is getting swollen
By the depth of philosophic lore he reads us in the "News"
Wilson could knock out Zeno
At a social game of keno,
And he says he'd show Diogenes if he were in his shoes.

J.

Extracts from "Reminiscences of Famous Men,"* by Rodney Clark.

Mr. McLean, reading from Cicero's Letters :

"Cum pr. K. Sext. in provinciam venissem"—"When Prince Karl the Sixth came into the province."

Extract from the famous E Pluribus Unum oration of Mr. Cogley :

"From the frozen shores of the North where the Polar bear slides along the ice and gazes upon the Aurora Borealis to the burning sands of the South where the crocodile dries his scales in the rays of a scorching sun," etc

Mr. Wilson :

"The love of liberty is indigenous to the human breast."

Mr. Jackson :

"As Andrew Johnson looked down from the summit of the hilltop, and saw the vale below bathed in the rosy glow of a setting sun, methinks, Mr. President, methinks," etc.

See Mr. Everett's "As Philip looked down from his seat on Mount Hope," etc.

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